

d *16* *Book 29*
**THE
CIRCUMVENTION,
OR,
The Amorous successful Politician;
A
TALE.**



Being a very ivDerting Account of a pleasing Disap-
pointment, which happen'd.

To a L A D Y of QUALITY,
Outwitted

by Lord CRAFTY:

a Bashaw, in the present *Turkish Court*.

Render'd into English.

L O N D O N:
Printed for *A. Moore*, near *St. Paul's*,
And Sold, by the Booksellers of *London*
and *Westminster*.

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THE
CIRCUMVENTION

OF
The Anonymous (and other) Politicians

A

TALF



Being a very full and complete account of a pleasing Disposition, which is given

To a Lady of QUALITY,

Quintessence

43.
6.
301.

by Lord GRANVILLE

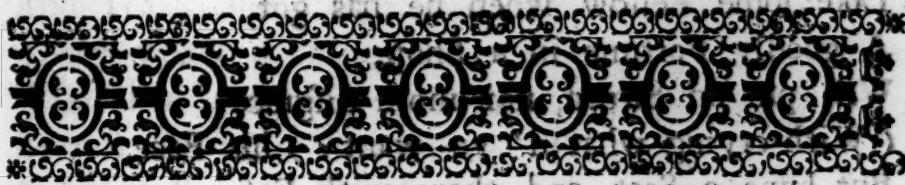
a Gentleman, in the year 1790

Revised into English

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(H. 301.)



THE CIRCUMVENTION,



A TABLE.



Here liv'd a great and mighty Prince,
'Tis not a thousand Summers since,
Who in his Court had many a Peer,
And many a beautilous Lady fair,
The Men as our Courtiers do,
Sometimes wou'd Bow, and some-
times Woe;

Enough there was for the latter sort,
For all wou'd scuttle to the Court,
And from the Circle, to the Door,
You'd see both Countess, Bawd, and Whore;
You'd see both Dutcheffs of Renown,
And She who made her Grace's Gown,
For naturally all wou'd be,
(So Ape the turn of Quality)

Like

A 2.

Like some Fellow when he has got,
 A goodly Fortune in a Shop,
 Will put on Sword, nor more disgrace
 (With crying what d' ye want ?) his Face,
 But buys a Seat, and there with Ease,
 Lords it in Justice of the Peace.

Now to my Story, there was one,
 Among this *Qliuo*, of a Throng,
 Who far excell'd in Height and Mien,
 A very Earthly, *Cyprian* Queen,
 Who wanted not for Birth, nor Treasure,
 To draw Respect, or give her Pleasure ;
 Tall was her Stature, such an Eye,
 Wou'd bring Old *Jove*, down from the Sky,
 Was he not long since weary'd out,
 With Whoring all the World about,
 Since when, in quiet, safe he lives,
 And lets alone our Virtuous Wives :
 So all the little squaling Rogues,
 Which now proceed from stolen Loves,
 Can never more be Father *Jove's* ;
 Toe well we know, that trick won't bear,
 And now when happens this Affair,
 The cautious Parents something gives,
 That if it dies, or if it lives,
 It may not trouble their Repose,
 It nothing has, It nothing knows.

Among the many Suitors, who
 Did Swear, and Lye, and Sigh, and Wooe,
 And

And Teaze, and Please, this Lady bright,
 There was a cunning, wary Wight,
 Who lik'd her long, and ne'er wou'd smother,
 Because he knew her Spouse, the Lover;
 And tho' she on him look'd severe,
 He whisper'd something in her Ear: *Prior.*
 Which quickly made her Blood arise,
 And darted Fire from her Eyes;
 Her blushes added to his flame,
 And eagerly he press'd the Dame,
 To give him Ease, and name the Hour,
 The Cure was only in her Power.
 She frowning, step'd in haste away,
 And only thus, in scorn wou'd say.
 You're much too bold, nor must again
 A thing so hateful to me Name;
 Forbear to come, henceforth forbear
 To mention Love, for now I swear,
 My Lord, who wholly has my Heart,
 Has only Right to ev'ry part:
 With that she call'd out for her Chair,
 And went to breath St. J ———'s Air.
 Vex'd to the Heart away he went,
 But stifled in, his Discontent;
 Vengeance, was all he thought upon,
 For he was certain their was One
 She Favour'd more, since the Opinion,
 Of Chastity in any Woman,
 Was what he slightly flurr'd o'er,
 But thought the contrary much more;

Therefore

Therefore to find this Minnion out,
 He straightly meant to go about
 And was no starter, when he wou'd
 Search out a Matter, Bad, or Good:
 But to put on a fure Grimace,
 He ne'er look'd more with Lover's Face,
 Towards the Dame, tho' daily he,
 At Morn, or Noon, wou'd surely be,
 In Hers, or Spouse's, Company.
 She thought the Amorous fit was over,
 Since he nor look'd, nor spoke the Lover;
 But let me tell you all ye Fair,
 Who sometimes stolen Joys prefer,
 Ye cannot be too cautious, why,
 The Men will Watch, will Tell, and Lye,
 And he who suffers a Rebuke,
 Has Dragon's Eyes, on the Golden Fruit:
 So fare'd it with this charming Dame,
 Cupid you Rogue, 'tis you I blame,
 Nor have you now left one Pretence,
 For blinding thus her every Sence.

It happen'd as at Court one Night,
 She listen'd to a powder'd Knight,
 He pass'd along, something was said,
 Of Hour, and Absence, Door, and Bed;
 Enough he heard to make him think,
 Her virtuous Eye, would sometimes squint,
 And since he'd so far got on's way,
 He did not fear to Act his Play:

He

He left the place, and quick he goes,
 Where crowds the Wife, well-Dress'd, and Beaus,
 Nor waited long, but in he came
 Whom he suspected, with the Dame;
 The Man was handsome, Youthful too,
 And wore a Silk, and Silver Shoe;
 Look'd what he was, a Gallant Lord,
 Who ne'er would sit at *Council Board*,
 Yet might a Lady's Favour win,
 Who censur'd Wits, and had the Spleen:
 He hurrying in, advanc'd apace,
 To th' further end, where hung the Glass,
 There he beheld what often he
 Adore'd with black Idolatry,
 When he had view'd himself quite o'er,
 And found all as it was before,
 The other took that right Occasion,
 Nor needed he a long Perswasion;
 Told him he was a Judge he knows,
 And begs he'll choose his Birth-day Cloaths:
 With all my Heart replies the other,
 When shall we go? Early to Morrow,
 Says CRAFTY, I will call you up,
 And prithy now let's go and Sup?
 Away they went, and from that time,
 They Sup, they Breakfast, VVhore, and Dine
 Together, that their Friendship grew
 So strong, within a VWeek or so,
 VVhat either did, each told the other,
 As Brothers do which have one Mother:

Not

Not that all Brothers do the same.

But only some whom I could Name.

In short, Lord CRAFTY, had his end,

And made the ——— so fast his Friend,

He soon the Secret did discover,

And thus, he forc'd it from the Lover:

Sighing, he look'd exceeding Sad,

And Curst, and Swore, as he were Mad,

By all that's true in Earth, or H—n,

Only for Plagues, their Sex were given;

VVhy should one VVoman thus torment me,

I've had her ——— and won't that content me!

Dam'd Jealousy torments my Brain,

A silly, useless, plagueing Pain:

This Cant, he purposely let fly,

Since what he said was all a Lie,

For he nor any had, or lost

But Oaths, and Lies, do nothing cost.

Thus sily he drew in the Youth,

To ask of him, and tell the Truth:

He then run o'er a thousand Lies,

Of his Demands, and her Replys,

Of where, and when, and how long since,

And that she'd Charms fit for a Prince:

But said he hope'd he'd not unfold,

That which ought never to be told,

But only to a Friend like him,

And then the telling, was no Sin:

Besides, the Torment too much prest,

To keep it smother'd in his Breast;

Tho'

Tho' You said he, are more Reserv'd,
 Yet lately, something I have heard?
 And hope Success, may Crown your Labour,
 If not already had the Favour.

Already! cry'd the pretty Beau,
 May I be D——d if yet I know,
 Whether the Dear, Delicious Creature,
 Be Woman, only by each Feature;
 Yet let me say, 'tis not my Fault,
 But things like these, can't soon be brought
 To bear: The Husband's in the way,
 And plagues us both, tho' now they say
 He to the Country goes to Sport,
 And leaves his Lady, at the Court,
 To tell the truth, he goes to Morrow,
 Which puts an End to all my Sorrow:
 For thus the Scheme we long have laid,,
 When he is gone, my Lady's Maid,
 Is to leave open the back-Door,
 (VWhere never Lover went before)
 An so when all are fast asleep,
 Into her Chamber I'm to creep,
 She made me Promise, Swear, and Vow,
 I wou'd not venture before Two:
 In pleasing Hopes, till near the time,
 I'll waste the Hours, in Cards and VVine,
 And then —— But vainly I endeavour,
 To speak of Joys, are out of Measure,
 Yet all the Blessings she'll bestow,
 To Morrow you shall surely know.

B

This

This News, Lord CRAFTY tickle'd so,
 That he had really much a-do,
 To stifle in, a loud Horse-Laugh,
 VVhich to prevent, he feign'd a Cough:
 The Evening came, the Clock struck Nine,
 'Twas then bethought the Lord, high time
 To quit th' Inamour'd, gentle Swain,
 And to pursue his wish'd for Game;
 Say then loud Fame and tell me true?
 For to thy Ears the Tale's not New,
 VVhether 'twas Love that flush'd the Peer,
 To Circumvent, to gain the Fair!
 Or if 'twas him we now call Love,
 VVho all our Lords, and Ladies move;
 VVho haunts the *Opera* and *Plays*,
 The other *Cupid* now a Days,
 Dare not within three Rooms advance,
 Of him who's born, and bred in *France*;
 He wants the Powder'd smart *Tuepees*,
 The glittering Clocks, below the Knee,
 Gold Lace, Gold Fringe, but who can tell,
 The thousand ways he has to Kill,
 Between the VVigg, the witty Ear,
 VVhich peeps abroad, and wins the Fair?
 Such like you'll find in shop of Toys,
 To please our little Girls, and Boys,
 Under a Glas set out for show;
 A Pretty, Smirking, Wooden-Beau,
 VVith strutting Elbow, Foreign Mien,
 The same who're at the *Op'ra* seen:

But

But simple Love, has no such ways,
 For all he does and all he says,
 Is Thoughtless, Harmless, as his Youth,
 Openness, Innocence, and Truth;
 Nor fears he Rival, Sword, or Dart,
 But fears to gain the Fair-one's Heart.
 Pough crys the Goddess, what an Owl
 Art thou, you make the God a Fool,
 Like this he ne'er has been for Ages,
 Not since the Ladies, took their Pages,
 (As your Heavenly Monarchs, when)
 There's Reasons, must give way like Men:
 So he whom you describe must be,
 Only God *Cupid's* Deputy)
 There's now and then, a simple Maid,
 He blindfolds, and about is led,
 And now and then, a stubborn She,
 VVho hates the Name of being Free,
 Twixt Pride and *Cupid*, has a scuffle,
 Yet he still Conquers in the Buffle,
 Not but if e'er he meets a Paire,
 As now, if ever, very Rare,
 VVho really Love, and are sincere,
 The God exulting, feels the Fire,
 VVhich equally their Breasts inspire,
 He showers blessings on their Love,
 And begs all Happiness from *Jove*:
 Such is *Belinda's* constant Flame,
 But Ah! her *Strephon's*, not the same,
 He Roves, and flies her panting Breast,
 VVhere once he vow'd, he chose to Rest.

But to my Tale, since Fame declares,
 There's nothing in our Lovers Tears;
 He saunters too, and fro' the Gate,
 Till all was hush'd, and it grew late;
 The Clock, as might be our *St. Pauls*
 Struck twelve, the sober, Coaches calls,
 And all my Lady's Family,
 VWas got to Rest, excepting she;
 Her VWoman too, she'd sent away,
 And thought it surely break of Day:
 He found the back-Door left a jar,
 To pave the way for this Affair;
 Which close he shut, as who should say,
 No more shall yet come here this way;
 With nimble strides, the Stairs he quits,
 And soon into her Chamber gets:
 One Candle only, lights the Room,
 Which gave a feeble, silent Gloom;
 He found in Bed the Dame was laid,
 Soon he approach'd, but nothing said,
 Soon he divides the Lilly sheets,
 And soon her glowing Bosom meets:
 Two Hours past, as I suppose,
 In Joys, which they, and others knows,
 As yet the Dame did not discover,
 This False one, from her Real Lover;
Venus, 'twas sure by thee design'd,
 To make her Deaf, to make her Blind!
 Thou must be Jealous of the Fair,
 VVhose Charms might with thine Compare:

How

How e'er it was, the VWatch went two,
 And he then found it time to go;
 She by Delays would keep him still,
 But prov'd it all against his VWill;
 VVhy since my Lord is out of Town,
 Are you so eager to be gone?
 Nor him, nor any other here,
 Can give you Cause to think of Fear.
 VVith that, his well known Voice he Rear'd,
 VVhich She till then, in whispers heard;
 And Laughing loud, he let her know,
 Nor Fear, nor Sorrow, he cou'd show;
 The Voice she knew, and fearful grows,
 Trembling she shrinks beneath the Cloaths;
 He sees th' Effect, he sees her Tears,
 And thus he mitigates her Cares:
 Madam, how long I've worn your Chain,
 How long I've Sigh'd, and Sigh'd in vain,
 You best can tell? and yet you see,
 My Happiness was plac'd in Thee;
 Your subtile wiles, and lame Excuse,
 You plainly find was of no Use.

You use'd me Ill, but Fortunes Friend,
 Is surely Victor in the End;
 This Artifice produc'd by Love,
 Rather than Hate, You must Approve;
 He who industriously can get,
 The charming Creature, by his VVit,
 Shows that his Love is not the same,
 VVith his, who by Appointment came:

You

You like'd the Man, and Name'd the Hour,
 But I like'd You, and came before;
 Experience now, tho late begun,
 Must let You know from what I've done,
 How much I'm Yours, next what I want,
 And Prudence Madam, bids You grant,
 Is that You will Dismiss the Beau,
 Who's waiting by this time below:
 The Dame Perplex'd, Confus'd, and Pleas'd,
 Stammering reply'd, I own I've Teaz'd
 Your constant Heart, but now Repent,
 And if You'll give me Your Consent
 To let him up, (which Secret You,
 Could only from the Devil know)
 I will Discard him with an Air,
 Shall give You Hopes, and him Despair.
 With that he steps and turns the Key,
 The other heard, and up goes He,
 On tip-Toe creeps, and Stair by Stair
 He mounts, by slow Degrees and Care,
 The Dame before he'd got to th' top,
 Had hatch'd a Lie, was Dress'd and Up;
 Had flipt her Gold-fring'd Slippers on,
 One Petticoat, and Morning-Gown,
 And in the great Chair leaning fat,
 Premeditating on His Fate:
 Pity, and Fear, tumultuous are,
 And rais'd within, a Civil-war,
 Lord CRAFTY had, with swinging bribe,
 Brought Fear. intirely on his, side,

So

So Fear being stronger, won the Field;
 And quickly made poor Pity yield;
 The Lover now come softly in,
 And then 'twas her time to begin:
 She Cries (and tossing back her Pinner)
Have mercy Lord, on me a Sinner?
This sickness, justly thou hast sent,
My wicked Folly, to prevent:
 And seeming nor to see, or hear
 The Lover, as he drew more near,
 She Sigh'd and sigh'd, and thus went on,
I certainly had been undone;
 The Man, who thought her Conscience prick'd her,
 And never dreamt it was a Trick, Sir,
 Began to plead, it was no Fault,
 And argued too, but all by Rote;
 His Reasons he had learnt from those,
 Who Still Repeat, what others knows;
 And when the Speech is ended, then
 If they'd proceed, begin agen:
 Which caus'd a stop, and gave her time,
 To finish her new-wrought Designe.
I've thought so much upon the Sin,
That You had well nigh drawn me in;
She said, that I am almost Mad,
If there's no Pardon to be had,
Which makes me Beg you'll leave me now.
 He then Reply'd, and bowing low,
 I am Your Slave, and will depart,
 But leave entirely my Heart;

And

And hope you will before to Morrow,
 Repent of this, and cure my Sorrow,
 Think what Respect, and Love, I have,
 And all my approaching torments, save;
 She shuffled him in haste away,
 And heard but half he had to say :
 The other half, much softer far,
 Flew into th' street, and mix'd with Air,
 The Words he follow'd down in haste,
 The Door once more was then made fast;
 CRAFTY returns, applauds her Wit,
 A while they Laugh, a while they Sit,
 Or Lie, or Sleep, or something do,
 Which I nor care to tell, or know,
 From consequences we may find,
 The Dame was not displeas'd but kind.
 Since she had quite and clean forgot,
 To ask how happen'd it about,
 For him to find this secret out :
 And for a while, the Intrigue went on,
 That thus so odly, was begun.

F I N I S.

